



# MONTEREY NEWS

MARCH 1994



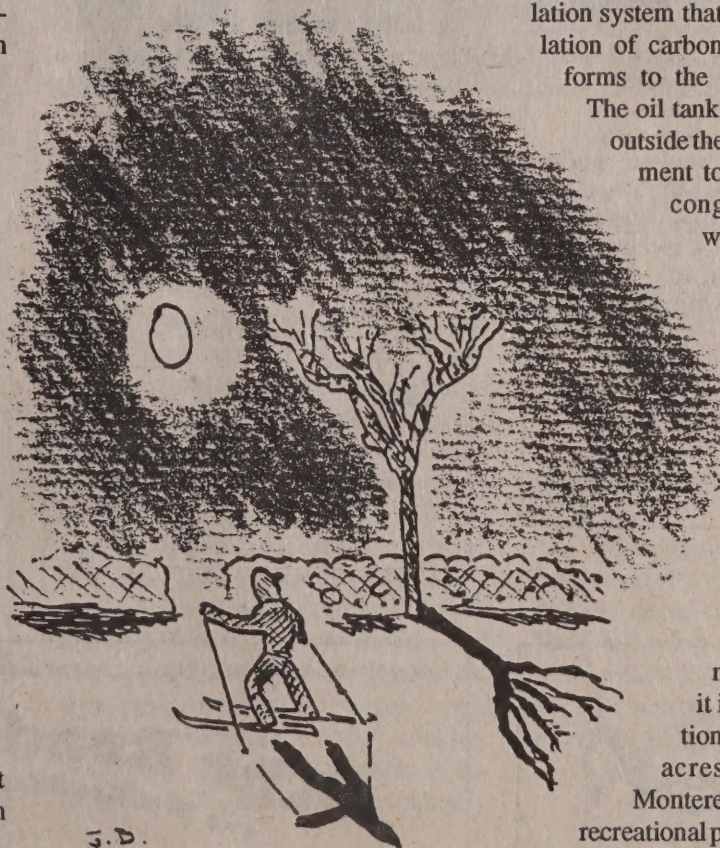
## THE TOWN

Monterey tax payers will take a hit due to the passage of the Massachusetts Education Reform Law. Monterey's share of the school budget will increase by 26% over the 1993-94 level in 1994-95. Other member towns of the Southern Berkshire Regional School District, including Egremont, Sheffield, and New Marlborough will also experience increases, although none as great as Monterey's. Alford's share will actually decrease.

The Massachusetts Education Reform Law is an attempt by the Commonwealth to create a level playing field for the various towns in the state by limiting the operating budget to a per-pupil amount set by the Commonwealth. This amount is known as the School Foundation Budget. The Southern Berkshire Regional School District was recently forced to cut \$300,000 from the preliminary budget in order to meet its assigned foundation level. Other aspects of the Education Reform Law impact how each town is assessed for its share of the school budget. The Commonwealth will calculate the amount each town should contribute based on property values and per capita income. This amount is termed the *town minimum school contribution*. Also adding to the increase is the addition to the budget of costs associated with school choice. School choice allows students to attend a public school of their choice outside their district, while the home district pays tuition to the "choice school".

Previously, towns in the Southern Berkshire Regional School District (Monterey, Egremont, New Marlborough, Sheffield, and Alford) would decide the percentage of each

town's share of the school budget based on the number of students from each town enrolled in the district. According to Mike Kinne of the Superintendent's Office, this had the effect of "pitting town against town." Sheffield in particu-



lar has experienced controversy over school budgets because almost half the students enrolled in the district are from Sheffield—547 of 1,115 students.

For more information regarding the proposed Regional School Budget, citizens can attend a Public Hearing in the music room (located inside the community entrance) at Mount Everett Regional School in Sheffield at 7:30 p.m. on Tuesday, March 3, 1994.

The repairs to the Town Hall have been completed by M.D. Amstead Construction. The redesigned kitchen has been totally renovated. There is a new large handicapped access bathroom with a ramp entrance. The new furnace is housed in a fireproof room with a ventilation system that prevents the accumulation of carbon monoxide, and conforms to the State Building Code.

The oil tank has been moved from outside the building into the basement to prevent the oil from congealing in very cold weather, and also to protect the surrounding environment in the event of leaks or spills.

The Selectmen received a letter from the Department of Fisheries, Wildlife, and Environmental Law Enforcement advising them that it is considering acquisition of approximately two acres of land within Monterey for conservation and recreational purposes. However, the location of the land was not specified, and the Selectmen declined to approve authorization until they have this information.

The Selectmen unanimously voted to appoint John Piretti Acting Commissioner of Buildings. Both the Commissioner and the Alternate are out of town for an extended time. Piretti will serve until either the Commissioner or Alternate returns.

— Maggie Leonard



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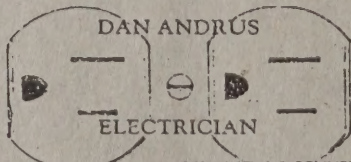
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## REPUBLICAN CAUCUS

All Monterey Republicans are urged to attend a caucus in the firehouse at 1:30 p.m. on Saturday, March 12, for the purpose of electing a slate of candidates for the upcoming local elections. There are two positions without incumbents—a three-year Finance Committee seat, and a three-year Board of Assessors seat. The Republicans are also seeking a candidate for Selectman. There will be a meeting of the Republican Town Committee preceding the caucus at 1 p.m. The Committee will decide on the final slate of candidates to be presented to the caucus, and also choose one delegate and two alternates to the State Republican Convention, which will be held on May 14 in Springfield. For more information, please contact Mark Makuc (528-1382) or Fran Amidon (528-1233).

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## MONTEREY GRANGE

The meeting of the Monterey Grange No. 291 scheduled for January 19 was cancelled due to repairs underway at Town Hall and the severe cold weather.

The Grange met on February 2 in the social room of the Congregational Church, when the theme was "Know Your State," and the New England states were chosen. Anne Vickerman took Maine, Mary Wallace Massachusetts, Alice Schaffer New Hampshire, Florence Janes Rhode Island and Connecticut, and Tillie Butler Vermont. It was an interesting and informative evening.

Mary Wallace, Women's Activities Chairman, will attend a regional meeting in Dalton on February 12.

There was a variety program at the meeting on February 16, held in the library social room. Sheldon Fenn's poem "Snowbird" was read and enjoyed. Plans were discussed for spring projects, as well as preparation of the meeting room in the renovated town hall.

The Grange has been invited to a regional exemplification meeting in Westfield on February 26 at 10 a.m.

Next meeting is set for March 2, when Mary Wallace will be in charge of a program of women's activities.

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## DEMOCRATS' CAUCUS

Citizens of Monterey who are qualified voters and members of the Democratic Party are hereby requested to meet for caucus in the firehouse at 8 p.m. on Friday, March 11, 1994. They will nominate candidates for the various town offices to be voted on at the Annual Town Meeting on Saturday, May 7, 1994.

The caucus is called and will be held under the provisions of Chapter 53 of the General Laws, and will be called to order by the Chairperson of the Democratic Town Committee.

Members of the Democratic Town Committee are requested to meet in the firehouse at 7 p.m. on Friday, March 11, 1994 for the reorganization of the Democratic Town Committee. Members will elect new officers to two-year terms, and conduct any other business to come before the Committee.

— Georgiana O'Connell, Chairperson  
Democratic Town Committee

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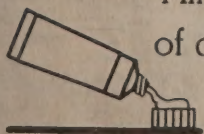
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## THE BIDWELL HOUSE

It's Girl Scout time again at The Bidwell House. On February 19, we hosted a day-long workshop for five troops from the Lee/Lenox area. Leading the workshop for the second year in a row was Susan McGlew, Curator of the Smith College Botanical Garden. Susan volunteers for this project, bringing a number of Smith students with her. The workshop covered the use of herbs in the eighteenth century for medicine, food, cosmetics, and dye. The Girl Scouts learned how to make dye from herbs, and how to propagate herbs and plant seeds; they tried medicinal herbal tea, made potpourri, and baked herbed cookies. Herbs they planted in the course of the workshop will spend the winter and early

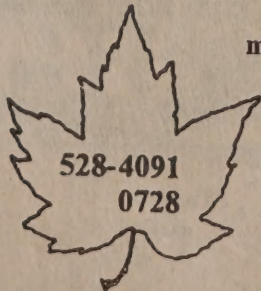
spring growing in the greenhouse at Golden Hill Farm in Lee, and be planted out in the museum's herb garden this May.

In early April, Karl Finger, Jane Burke, Lois Ryder, and Mary Andreyco will volunteer their time and talents to conduct a workshop on folk art for the Girl Scouts. The girls will also be touring The Bidwell House in the coming months. All of this will lead to their Folk Art Badge.

The museum would like to thank the Stockbridge Plain School, which recently donated its copier to The Bidwell House. The donation was organized by MacFarlane Office products of Pittsfield with the assistance of their sales representative, James DeLucia.

— Lisa Simpson


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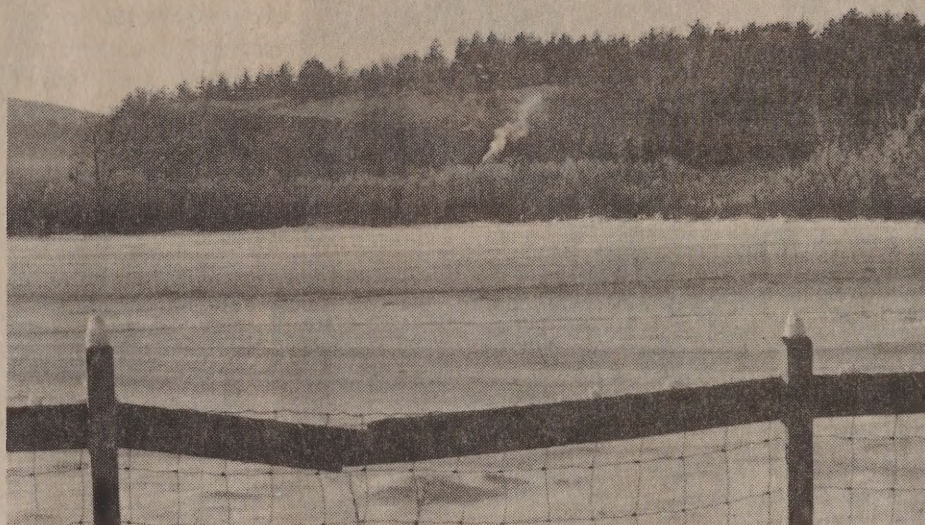


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## 1994 MONTEREY CUP

*A team that was formed years back under the name College Bound took the ice at this year's Monterey Cup as Out of Bounds and brought the cup back to Monterey, upsetting the Pittsfield Bruins, winners for four years straight. Above left, goalie Jay Amidon snags a shot; above right, Jim Thomas brings up the puck; right, the champs: (l to r) Kip Makuc, Kevin Foss, Stephen Fennell, Bill Fennell, Dave Smith, Mark Makuc.*

*The trophy will be kept on display at the Monterey Library—indeinitely, if the Monterey teams can skate and score well enough in the coming years to keep the cup at home.*



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## EPIZOOTIC UPDATE

*The Berkshire Eagle* published an update recently on the status of rabies in the area, using the word "epizootic" in the same sense that we have used the word "epidemic." Sent us right to our dictionary, where we learned that the two words have the same fundamental meaning, except that one refers to animal and the other to human populations. We welcome the incidental pleasure of learning a new word while reporting such an old story. Can't imagine that you haven't heard by now, but there's a fully developed rabies epizootic in the Berkshires.

Countywide, rabies has been confirmed among sixty-seven raccoons, twelve skunks, three woodchucks, one cat, five foxes, and two cows. Lee and Great Barrington have reported eleven cases each, and West Stockbridge has seen nine.

Raccoons sometimes end up hitchhiking rides in dumpsters that get picked up and trucked away while the animals are scavenging for food. (Although he was certainly not a scavenger, Stuart Little can tell you all about it.) It's one way the illness may have spread.

Dogs and cats are required by law to be vaccinated against rabies. Humans must always be treated upon exposure, because rabies in humans is invariably fatal. People routinely at risk for exposure can receive prophylactic treatment, but actual exposure must still be followed by a series of shots. Death from rabies is rare, but there was one such case in New York state within the past year, the consequence of misdiagnosis.

Be careful, keep your pets away from contact with wild animals, and use rubber gloves if you must handle a pet after it has tangled with some wild critter. The rabies virus is carried in saliva and blood.

## PLAYGROUND NEWS

There's nothing like a subfreezing visit to a snow-covered playground to relieve a case a cabin fever. Members of the Monterey Playground Committee have been inspecting and trying out wonderful playgrounds in Great Barrington, Housatonic, and Lee, as well as Norfolk and Salisbury in Connecticut. After

working with the Monterey Parks Commission and several recreational specialists, we now have a design for Monterey which includes a substantial, fairly challenging climbing and sliding structure, a track ride, a "monkey bars" ladder, sandbox, large climbing toy for young children, four swings, and (perhaps most important) safe, resilient surfacing for the entire play area.

Through March and April we will continue refining and pricing out the plan, and spread the word to gain support for the playground, with information and illustrations (as below) widely available to everyone in Monterey. In early May, a request for an allocation for the playground will appear on the warrant at the Annual Town Meeting. We expect to have a crew of volunteers prepare the site and erect the equipment in early summer.

There's still plenty of time to get involved in this exciting community project. For more information, contact committee members Kim Hines, Sarah Bingham, Karen Schulze, Richard Sheridan, Alan Dean, Julie Shapiro, or Tari Thomas. Or call Carol or Jim Edelman at 528-0006.

— Carol Lewis Edelman





## TROUBLED WATERS

Lakes in the Berkshires are a popular attraction, but that attraction is a two-edged sword. Popularity can contribute to eutrophication (from the Greek *eutrophos*, meaning well nourished), the process whereby the introduction of nutrients into a body of water accelerates the growth of plant life that eventually turns any body of water into a swamp and then a meadow. What may take centuries in a sparsely populated environment can occur in a human lifetime on a lake crowded with cottages. The leading edge of the sword cuts the family a pleasant spot on a clear lake, and the trailing edge cuts grass where the boats used to dock.

Many such distortions have occurred since the colonists arrived here. Native American forests, wildlife, and peoples have been changed dramatically by increasing population. What are the specifics of eutrophication in our lakes and ponds, and what can or should we do about it?

Early in Berkshire history, lakes provided food and a recreational resource for the small human population. Until the World Wars, summer travel to our area was limited, and there was only modest seasonal increase in use. Wildlife thrived around the lakes. Most boats were paddled, rowed, or sailed. As human use of the watershed increased, the balance began to tip away from equilibrium. A summer cottage is no longer one step above camping out, with a spring for water, a fifty gallon drum for a septic tank, and a rowboat for fishing. We now take long showers, run automatic washers for our clothes and dishes, fertilize the lawn outside the cottage, and use

motorboats. But in many cases the cottage is on the same small plot of land, and that old fifty gallon drum is still in the ground, leaching nitrates and phosphates into the lake much more rapidly now. These nutrients promote the growth of plant life in the water.

One such aquatic plant is Eurasian milfoil, a species not native to the Berkshires. It grows rapidly into dense mats that eclipse native plant species, grabbing nutrients and sunlight from the plants long present. Milfoil reproduces itself



*The dam on Lake Garfield raised the water level of the lake, increasing its area. The original shoreline toward the east end of Lake Garfield shows when the lake is drawn down in winter.*

naturally by growing roots on fragments separated from a mature plant, a process that can be induced by human disturbances. Motorboats chop it up and help cause its spread; motorboats can also transplant milfoil by the bits and pieces that cling to a boat moved from one body of water to another.

Introduction of exotic (non-native) species often upsets an established natural equilibrium, since there is likely no native species with an appetite for the new one. The process is not unlike introducing disease in a population without natural resistance—as smallpox to native Americans.

Is it too much to hope that the people who bring on such situations can also alleviate them? Population increase and

the desire for a place on the lake occur willy-nilly. Restoring a body of water to natural equilibrium after the excesses of human use have upset a prior balance is a tricky matter. No two situations are the same.

Consider some lakes and ponds in Monterey. Benedict Pond lies in a state forest with a pristine watershed. Stevens Pond is small and privately owned, with limited recent residential development on its shores. Lake Buel has had years of intensive development along its shore-

line; water from the Konkapot River flows into it, and it has no functioning dam. Lake Garfield also has a long established and in some places dense lakeside population, but it has a dam that's been used for years to draw down the water over the winter.

When weed mats choke the water or an algae bloom brings green scum and noxious smells, people become outraged, and

everyone has his idea: Fix it quick. Leave it alone and it will pass. Kill the weeds. Don't use chemicals. Empty the lake. Don't draw it down. It's the fault of \_\_\_\_\_. (Fill in whichever is *not* you: the new houses, the road, the farm, the outside boaters, the geese, the beavers.) Weeds may cause an outcry, but it's important to remember what causes the sudden growth of weeds. They are evidence of new circumstances in the life of a lake or pond—a symptom, if you will, rather than a cause. Shall we take remedial action aimed at the symptom or the cause?

There are several ways to treat the symptom of weed growth. The use of herbicides is one way. Currently the agent of choice is brand-named Sonar,



made by DowElanco of Indianapolis. It is a systemic herbicide, which means its active chemical, fluridone, is taken up by target vegetation and effectively poisons it. Theoretically, it withers and does not clog the water with dead plants. Timing of application is important in targeting the plant to be killed, and avoiding harm to desirable vegetation. ("Desirable vegetation" might be defined as aquatic plants providing food and oxygen for fish and other wildlife, vegetation that promotes natural diversity.) Water flow through a lake and light entering the water vary the effect of herbicides.

Currently a series of permits and reviews are needed for approval of herbicide use. Sonar was used successfully in Stevens Pond, with the approval of the Monterey Conservation Commission. It evidently killed off the Eurasian milfoil growing there. But then curlyleaf pondweed (Potamogeton), another invasive species, proliferated after the milfoil died. Owners of the pond asked the Conservation Commission for permission to apply a second dose of the herbicide, but were turned down. Then it seems that residual amounts of the Sonar killed the Potamogeton, and Nitella, a native plant introduced to help keep the life of the pond in balance, took hold and filled the new environmental niche.

Over time, some life form naturally develops to prey on any plant that exists in abundance. Eurasian milfoil has no local predators (except people). Recently, however, an enemy has emerged in the form of an insect that bores through the stem and kills the milfoil plant. This parasite is being studied in test ponds at Cornell University, and at Lake Bomoseen in Vermont. There is now a prospect for the Integrated Pest Management of milfoil!

Another way to manage symptomatic weed growth is drawdown. For lakes and ponds lucky enough to have a functioning dam, drawdown is an excellent management tool for control of weeds that spread by rooting, like milfoil. A lake like Buel with no dam capable of drawing down the water may use mechanical weed harvesters, but this method in itself promotes the spread of milfoil by chopping the plants into small pieces that root themselves in new places.

Drawdown also helps keep the shoreline intact by preventing chunks of uplifted ice-bound soil from eroding into the lake. The controversial side of drawdown is timing. Do it late in the season and wildlife is adversely affected, because it has no chance to relocate before freezing weather. Do it early and boaters are unhappy at having to quit boating before cold weather.

Lake Garfield has been drawn down yearly since 1972. It's done in early October to give the wildlife time to relocate their burrows before freezing weather. Two years of full drawdown (five feet ten inches), are followed by one year of partial drawdown (three feet.), a rotation that has kept the milfoil at bay with less impact on wildlife than at lakes where drawdown occurs late in the season. Garfield is now in the second year of full drawdown. In 1994 there will be

a partial drawdown. In a full drawdown year, one can see the old shoreline at the eastern end of the lake, from before the lake was "raised" to its present level (area). The dam is closed again in mid-winter, allowing snowmelt to fill the lakebed. According to limnologists who have studied Lake Garfield, this has helped limit the growth of milfoil.

With this much control over the disturbing effects of increased nutrients in the lake, the opportunity exists to address the issue of controlling the flow of nutrients into the lake. It takes careful study before specific action can be effective in reducing the sources of eutrophication.

— Patricia Edelstein

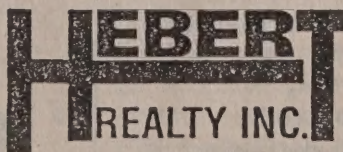
There will be a second article on Monterey's lakes and ponds in the April issue of the *Monterey News*.

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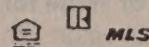
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## CHURCH NEWS

When was the last time the emotions of life left tears in your eyes? Moist eyes come at the most significant moments of life even when they arise from a seemingly mundane event or circumstance. Frederick Buechner says it quite eloquently:

Tears. You never know what may cause them. The sight of the Atlantic Ocean can do it, or a piece of music, or a face you've never seen before. A pair of somebody's old shoes can do it. Almost any movie made before the great sadness that came over the world after the second World War, a horse cantering across a meadow, the high school basketball team running out onto the gym floor at the start of a game. You can never be sure. Whenever you find tears in your eyes, especially unexpected tears, it is well to pay the closest attention.

They are not only telling you something about the secret of who you are, but more often than not God is speaking to you through

them of the mystery of where you have come from and is summoning you to where, if your soul is to be saved, you should go next.

I find that tears come at moments of vulnerability, when I am closest to being my true self—special moments when I am most intimately touched by the divine mystery of life. During this past year I have been moved to tears a number of times by many things. So much so that I have become aware that I am in the midst of movement. Turning around I encounter the mystery of where I have come from, which then makes me peer over my shoulder into another mystery—where I am being summoned by God's holy beckoning.

It has become clear to me that it is time for a redirecting of my life if I am to follow what I perceive to be God's guiding call. And so with tears in my eyes I have announced to the congregation that I will be leaving this church community. My last Sunday will be April 10. The six years I have spent as pastor have con-

tained some of the most rewarding, creative, and challenging moments in my life. Our family has been blessed by the abundance of love shared with us in Monterey. This has been a wonderful place to raise our children and rediscover the depths of God's love through the beauty of this mountaintop community and the people who live here. It will be hard to leave, and yet a new adventure lies before us. Where that adventure will lead is unknown to us at present. Please keep the Aerie family in your thoughts and prayers in the weeks and months ahead as we seek to discover where this new pathway will lead.

The words of an old Gaelic blessing come to mind:

May the road rise up to meet you.  
May the wind be always at your back.  
May the sun shine warm upon your face.  
May the rain fall gently on your fields.  
Until we meet again may God hold you  
In the hollow of God's hand.

— Cliff Aerie

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## CHILDREN'S HEALTH PROGRAM

Believe me, Spring is on its way! March looms long before us and bad weather is still around, but there are more days to go out for a walk and just breathe the fresh air.

Quite often we hear about cabin fever, and think of it humorously unless we are confined with sick children, broken car, or bad weather. A group of mothers at CHP came up with the following symptoms a few years back. See if you recognize any: Child says, "I don't know what to do!" Child *whines*, "I don't know what to do!" Child clings to parent while parent vacuums. Child bounces on bed or couch incessantly. Child bounces himself or sibling off walls. Parent's blood pressure goes off chart. Child gives pet a haircut. Parent's eyes glaze over. Child climbs curtains. Parent starts to *whine*, "I don't know what to do!"

This has happened to all of us. Try calling a friend to talk about your frustration. Or get out for a walk, if it's a good day; even a few minutes' exercise will help ease tension. Talk with other parents at a Parent Child Playgroup about what you can do when confined with children. If you really think you are going to lose it, call a hotline, like Parents Anonymous, 1-800-882-1250. This self-help group has regular meetings in Great Barrington. For more information, call Ted Tchack at 528-2909.

We are starting a baby sling project, and seek donation of three yards of cotton or cotton/polyester (darker colors preferred), as well as stuffing and velcro. Donations can be left for Claudette at CHP. Thanks!

We're planning for Baby's First Egg Hunt on March 29, 1-3 p.m. at the Simon's Rock gym in Great Barrington. Please call if you don't have transportation and would like to attend. Siblings are invited as a playgroup is in session. A Parent-Child Playgroup egg hunt will be held at the Lee Playgroup at the Congregational Church on March 29, 9:30-11:30 a.m.

Trinity Lutheran Church in Great Barrington has planned two dinners in March, at which free will offerings will be accepted. The church will match the

amount and donate the total to the Children's Health Program. At 6 p.m. on March 9, chicken and biscuits will be served at the Senior Center in Great Barrington. On March 23, same time and place, the fare will be ziti and meatballs. This might be a way to donate to the Children's Health Program and enjoy a good meal as well.

Jodi Tuller, Director of the Pediatric Health Care Clinic, reports that Clare Stomper is retiring from her full time position on the pediatric staff in early March. Jodi expressed her personal regrets along with her full support of Clare's decision for a career change. The CHP staff wishes her well in whatever path she chooses to follow.

— Claudette Callahan

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exercising for their first flight.

Be praised, my God, by . . .

lightning and thunder causing spring showers.

the silent voice of grass growing and trees budding.

all the colorful flower trumpets of spring.

downy feathers freshly dried on newly hatched chicks.

the songs of birds, crickets, and frogs.

Be praised, my God,

by all your creation which tells of new life.

— Mary Goergen

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SUNDAY MORNINGS AT 10 AM





**SAMUEL WHITNEY**

*Portrait, 1819, by S. F. B. Morse, N.Y.*



**MERCY PARTRIDGE WHITNEY**

*Portrait, 1819, by Samuel F. B. Morse, N.Y.*

## LOCAL HISTORY NOTES

### A Bidwell Woman:

#### Mercy Partridge Whitney

Part of our mission at The Bidwell House is to research and disseminate the history of the direct descendants of Reverend Bidwell. One whom I find particularly fascinating is Mercy Partridge Whitney (1795–1872), a granddaughter of Reverend Bidwell.

Mercy was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the daughter of William and Jemima Bidwell Partridge. Nothing is known of her life prior to 1819, the year she married Samuel Whitney (1793–1845), a Yale classmate of her cousin Josiah Brewer. James Michener's book *Hawaii*, which begins with a group of young missionaries going to Hawaii in 1819, has in it many stories based on the life of Samuel and Mercy. Both of their diaries exist in Hawaii and were used by Michener as source material. The Bidwell House recently received a copy of Mercy's diary for our archives.

Samuel and Mercy were strangers when they married. In order to go with the first missionaries to Hawaii, Samuel had to be married by the sailing date. No doubt Mercy's cousin Josiah suggested Mercy as a good candidate for Samuel, and probably arranged their introduction. Love was not a factor. Mercy and Samuel had a deep religious zeal fueled by the Second Great Awakening that was sweeping the country at the time. Married on October 4 in Pittsfield, the young couple traveled to Boston and had their portraits painted by Samuel F. B. Morse (an excellent painter now remembered chiefly for inventing the telegraph). The paintings show two attractive and rather delicate young people. Mercy in particular, with her huge, dark eyes and ringlets surrounding her face, seems unfit for her future. Strong faith evidently carried her through. Upon leaving America, she wrote:

Yes, dear as is that humble Mansion and those beloved friends whom I shall ever love with the strongest ties of natural affection, I can willingly part with you all, if I may but

bear a humble part in promoting the glory of God, and be used as an instrument in carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing heathen. As many and great as are the sacrifices which I have made, I do not regret my undertaking. The souls of the *heathen* appear *precious*, infinitely more so than all this worlds good.

The couple arrived in the Sandwich Islands (as they were then called) on April 4, 1820, after 164 days of seasickness and uncomfortable conditions. Mercy, Samuel, and another couple were stationed on the island of Kauai, far from the relative comfort of Honolulu. The missionaries were not paid; they relied completely on the generosity of church people in the United States, who sent large containers of clothes, food, and household goods which were distributed from Honolulu. They lived in a grass hut with a few pieces of furniture for many years until the Hawaiian community built them a house. Their life as depicted in Mercy's diary consisted of constant illness and hard work. Mercy taught school when she was well enough, and Samuel



preached and conducted research on the Hawaiian language.

The couple had four children: Maria (1820-1900), who also became a Hawaiian missionary; Samuel (1822-1905); Henry Martyn (1824-1904), who became the first postmaster of Hawaii; and Emily (1827-1898). All the children were sent back to the States at a very young age to be brought up by friends or distant relatives. The parents struggled against their instincts to do what they regarded as necessary for the good of their children. When the time came for her six year old daughter Maria to sail for America, Mercy wrote:

Had we permitted parental affection to have got the better judgment, we should have said, *we cannot let her go...* Indeed I could not in the least, be reconciled to the idea of tearing them from our bosoms; & whenever the subject was touched upon, I always felt like giving it a repulse... But my health is such that the labor on my hands leaves me but little time or strength, to attend to their education... Perhaps you may wonder why I have not learnt her to knit, but to be plain I must tell you, that I have not knit a pair of stockings since I left my native land; nor do I think that I shall ever be able to, on missionary ground. I had but a faint idea while in A[merica] how completely my time would be occupied, with other things.

Maria and Henry returned to live in Hawaii. Mercy saw her daughter Emily once when she visited Hawaii as an adult, and may have seen both Emily and Samuel in 1860, when Mercy made her one and only visit to the States, but there is no record of whom she visited on that trip. There is, however, a photograph taken then which shows a very different woman from the one in the 1819 portrait. At age sixty-five, Mercy still had her black ringlets and large, haunting eyes, but her lean face bears the print of a hard life. The missionary zeal endured. She lived to be seventy-seven years old, and wrote late in her life:

When comfortably well myself, I do not mind being alone, but when feeble & suffering, the prospects before me so far as this life is concerned appears dark, but blessed be God, I trust I have a good hope thru grace, of an inheritance beyond the grave. My mind is usually calm & serene in the prospect of death, & there are times when I almost long

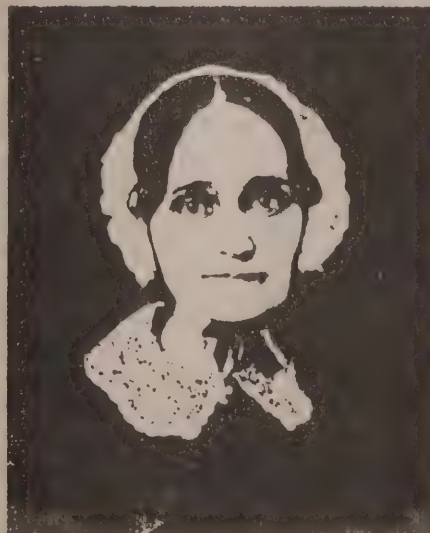
to depart & be with Christ. The more I study my own heart & compare it with the Word of God, the brighter my evidence appears, & the stronger is my assurance, that I have been made a partaker of the grace of life... Lord help me ever to say, Not unto me, but unto thy name be the glory.

Many of the early missionaries died of illness, and many returned to the United States worn out and dejected. But Mercy remained, no doubt buoyed by her two children who continued the work of their God in Hawaii.

Mercy's descendants live today on the island of Kauai.

I would like to thank Peggy Modan of Pittsfield for alerting me to Mercy Partridge Whitney, and for providing me with research material and leads in Hawaii. Peggy conducted research on Mercy for an exhibition which featured the Hawaiian objects Mercy sent to relatives living in Pittsfield. These have since been donated to the Berkshire Museum.

— Lisa Simpson



*Mercy at age sixty-five, about 1860.*

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## PROPRIETOR

*There she sits.  
Tufted titmice twitter:  
She is not moved.  
Chickadees bounce in and out  
Like shuttlecocks: she does not look.  
Nuthatches hitch their way up the post:  
She does not notice.  
Blue jays come, importantly, to look and  
peck:  
She merely huddles there, a heap of  
feathers  
On top of all those enticing seeds.  
But let another dove approach:  
What a ruffling and huffing!  
She lurches to her feet, beak thrusting,  
Proprietary intention in every move  
Of swift asseveration, proclaiming  
To all doves, everywhere,  
That she is top pigeon.*

— David P. McAllester

## WEST BY NORTHWEST

1.  
*I like the upper northwest corner  
of my house, the way its right  
angle has been voided by another  
plane. Three windows cluster, each  
with its own slant on the light,  
calling the world. Here I look  
out by my multifaceted self.*
2.  
*I can look toward China or Alaska  
or Hudson's Bay, but I shall stay  
with this horizon. My world is  
a triptych mostly trees though flashes  
of cars on the road deny to Pan  
an altar piece. Below hang empty  
nests, homes of robins upwardly  
mobile or retired to Florida.  
I remain at the cold corner  
for all seasons.*



3.  
*Geese fleck my center panel sky  
in spring, their shifting wedges  
too ordered for a desultory mind.  
They are high though not so wild  
I think as I whose wonder follows.  
I lean back as the hawk hovers  
to where his shadow on the dry  
autumn grass cannot reach.*
4.  
*There is a moment in winter after  
the sun wilts in a clear sky  
when a blue rests on the snow  
like eyes I once knew before  
another darkness.*
5.  
*It is a corner ending an old  
room in an old house, older even  
than I to birth and death, the spent  
gamete and the trapped wasp, light  
in passing and the listening hollow  
before dawn. Wiser than I  
is this corner to the outside  
and the inside of things.*
6.  
*For sunrise I would have to move  
to another corner. I've been there.  
Now it is enough to know the light  
comes from behind the shadow  
that is mine. In the shade  
below these windows late tulips  
will be blooming.*

— Royal Shepard

Reprinted by permission of the author  
from *Time's Pickpocket*  
University Editions, West Virginia, 1993



## DEEP SNOW

*Three claws forward and one claw back,  
And big, so it must be a turkey track,  
But when they get to the deeper snow  
It's wing-power then that makes her go!  
There's the feather print of one swift beat  
That shows where she leapt right off her feet.*

— David P. McAllester



## THE BUTTON BOX

*Truth will not come out of logic—  
it will be found, more likely,  
still rattling among*

*the tiny pale bone mandalas  
the black trouser coins  
the pearl tears  
and dumb eyelets*

*of the unmatched slightly soiled  
blunted useless satin globes  
falling sadly*

*loose in my mother's button box*

*my ghostly rainy-day toy as a child  
on so many different hotel beds  
in Berlin*

*Amsterdam  
Cairo  
Helsinki  
Istanbul...*

*each button strained for me  
strangely  
at something forbidden to a body  
in New England.*

— A. O. Howell

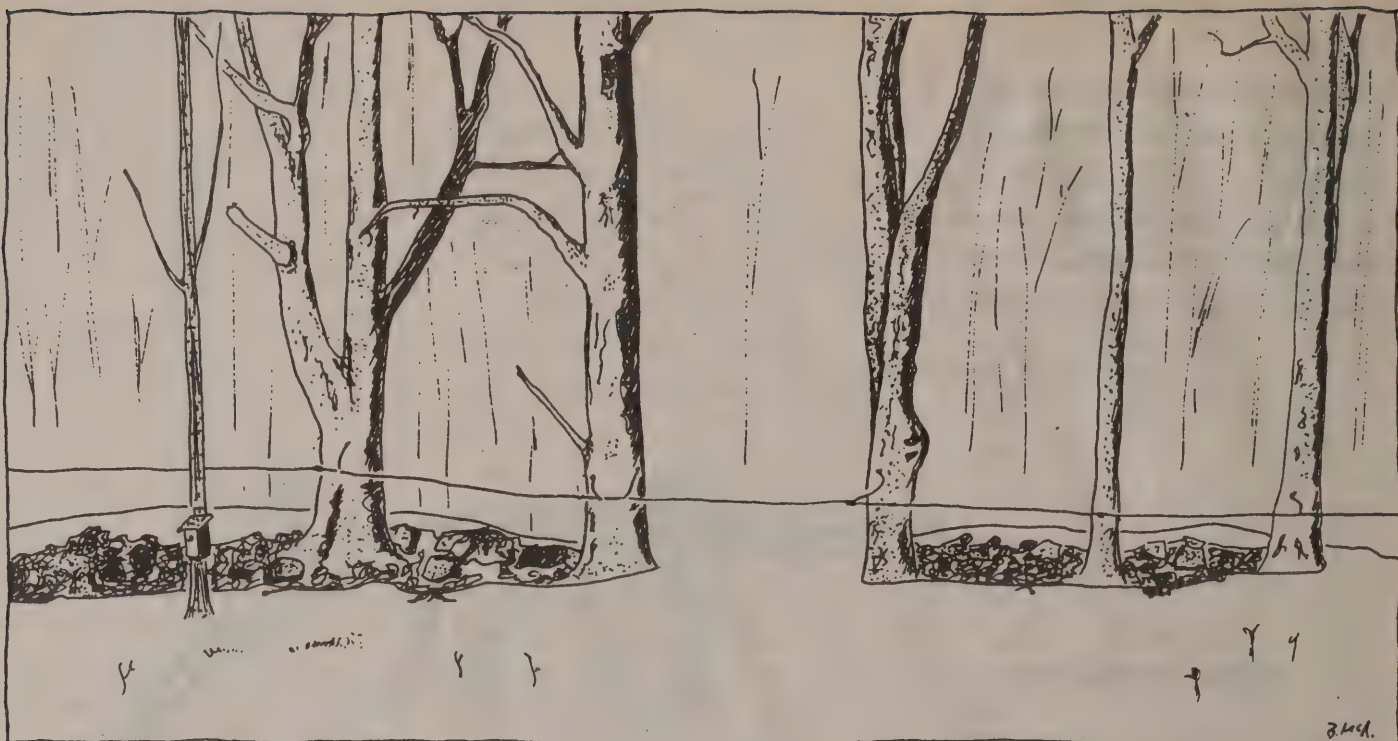
## ENIGMA

*My first is in children, also in dance  
My next not in uncles but it is in aunts.  
My third is in sisters and also in brothers  
And my last is in fathers as well as in mothers.*

What am I?

Find the letters that spell the answer  
hidden elsewhere in this issue.





## SUGAR TIME, FIRST RUN '94

To a maple sugar maker, "first run" means the first good thaw of the season, the first time the sap runs. Sometimes this happens in January, sometimes in March, but whenever it comes, if you are a sugar maker you don't want to miss it. When I say "miss it" I mean "fail to catch it in buckets and tanks so it can be boiled down to make maple syrup or maple sugar."

We have been making syrup here in east Monterey for twelve years and have missed enough first runs to be familiar with the feeling. For one thing, you feel like you missed the boat, like you were caught flat-footed. Right away you console yourself: so what? There will be more maple sap next week, next month, next year, even. There are, in fact, other things in life than first run sap!

What is special about this sap, besides the fact that if you catch it you can pat yourself on the back for all your preparedness, is that it is sweeter than the sap which comes later. Most maple sap averages about 2% sugar. Now this is a highly inaccurate thing to say, but it might give you a useful picture when I say that first run sap can be 4% sugar (sucrose is what we mean by sugar). The

significance to a sugar maker is that to boil that first sweet sap down to a 65% sugar content, which defines it as syrup, takes a lot less boiling (and work and firewood) than it's going to take in a week or a month when the sap is less sweet. So if you catch the first run you can start off the season making syrup without so much work in the sugarhouse.

There is even more to the mystique of first run sap, though. That first syrup that is made with relatively less boiling is the light syrup, the old Grade A Fancy that is pale like ginger ale and mild like clover honey. In olden times this was the preferred stuff here in New England, maybe because it made sugar that was the most like store-bought white sugar. It didn't interfere so much with other flavors in baking, for instance, or in your tea. If you took it neat, or on pancakes, its flavor was moderate and pure.

The reason this first syrup is light in color and mild in flavor is that since we boil down less sap to make it, we do not concentrate so much the flavors and trace minerals in the sap, nor do we caramelize the finished product as much as we do later in the season. By the end of the sugaring season the sap may be so dilute as to require eighty gallons to make one gallon of syrup. First run sap can be more like twenty to one.

That eighty-to-one syrup is dark and strong and many people like it that way. It is sold usually as Grade B or even Grade C (for cooking) and we always get people asking for it specially. Obviously it takes more work, more lugging of sap, more fuel, more hours in the sugarhouse to produce this molassy stuff, but people like to pay less for it than for the first run or even the mid-season syrup. This doesn't make sense in terms of cost of production so it must be left over from the old Yankee preference for Grade A Fancy. What we figure nowadays is you can't have it both ways. If folks are going to prefer the dark syrup and make more demand for it then they can't also expect to pay less for it, especially when we work harder to make it. It's a kind of "then meets now" situation found more often in tidal currents than in food economics.

When we catch the first run we can feel smug because we were ready for once. We can also feel happy that we are going to get some of that pale syrup for ourselves and the few old-style customers we have who love it and have a hard time finding it these days. We feel a link to our ancestors because we assume that they, undistracted by the complications of our modern life-style, were always out there on time making fancy syrup.



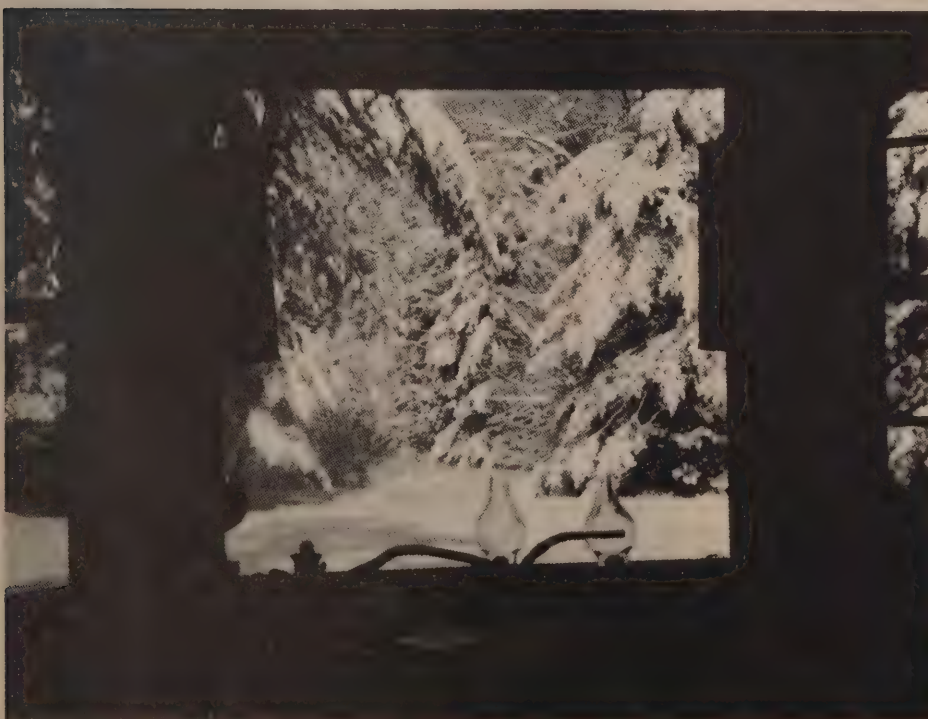
There is something else about the first run. It is the first thaw and promise of spring, and if you catch it that means you are out in it. For us this was mid-February, right after Valentine's Day, slogging through the woods on snowshoes. As it warmed up the snow stuck more, making it clear with each step that this was spring. We stopped to look up at the trees, dizzying against a bright sky. That lacy twiggery, punctuated with little buds which have been giving color to the hillsides all winter—it is a pattern full of life and power, completely random yet predictable as each species of tree has its characteristic shape and each makes its own kind of netting against the sky. The sugar maple is graceful like a dancer, a little bit loose, and it is modest of its strength, not bulging about the joints like the oaks, for instance.

The woods are so quiet in deep snow, but we heard the ravens singing, "Dong, dong," the other day, in their bass voices, and something with tiny claws ran up and down the trunks making a clitter, not a clatter, as if playing little wooden thumb pianos. Whatever else we may get out of having caught the first run this year, we also got a few exhausting, gorgeous days of quiet music in the woods.

— Bonner J. McAllester



*The extraordinary saw-whet owl, in a drawing here by Joe Baker, can be heard at this time of year giving its characteristic mating call, "a repeated metallic syllable which sounds like a saw being filed. Usually this starts out slowly and gets faster, ending abruptly." It is the simplest birdsong, yet the sound of it punctuating an otherwise still, wintry night carries a lot of hope, as it is one of the very early audible signs of spring.*



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## LETTER

January 24, 1994

To the Editor:

I have been shocked and dismayed over your report of the trapping and killing of so many beavers in the Monterey area. These marvelous, intelligent animals, whose activities are vital in creating havens for a variety of wildlife, deserve to be more protected in the Berkshires.

It is hard for an ardent environmentalist to look at the glee on Mr. Duryea's face, holding up this beautiful, big, dead beaver. His attitude reminds one of the terrible killings a hundred years ago for financial gain, which almost caused beaver to become extinct in the United States.

There must be another way to save these precious animals if they are not wanted in the Berkshires. They should be live-trapped and shipped to areas in the U. S. where they are welcome.

I remember so well how my husband and I and any friends visiting us would walk down to Dick Tryon's house to watch for a glimpse of a beaver behind his land.

Sincerely,  
Ursula Buchanan  
(Mrs. Philip W.)

## WILDLIFE SURVEY

### Mammals

Repeated heavy snows and cold weather have been the cause of serious problems for people in cities, towns, and the country, but even more so for wildlife. In fact for the latter it is part of nature's regulatory process, keeping the population at a level the land can sustain. This was the Hunger Time for Indians, and it is the same for deer, coyotes, raccoons, fishers, weasels, foxes, and wildcats. Bears can sleep through it, but their stored fat is getting depleted; beavers have food piles in their ponds which they can reach under the ice; otters can swim under the ice for fish; mice and voles are now at their safest in tunnels under the snow, with

hoards of seeds and nuts in their burrows. Squirrels, too, save up against this season in hollow trees, but they also do a lot of digging through the snow for chance acorns or caches buried in the fall. It's remarkable how often there are nutshells at the mouth of such an excavation.

Dale Duryea says that Canadian lynxes, released in the Adirondacks, have found their way east as far as Maine. That means we can look forward to having them, too, in addition to the bobcats that have already made a comeback here.

Sudi Baker saw a mink loping along by a meadow in Tyringham on January



25, and mink tracks by Hunger Brook where it passes under Hupi Road.

### Birds

At Bidwell House wild turkeys have become regulars under the bird feeder and roosting in nearby trees at night. Lisa Simpson reports two groups that come at different times: a mixed group of six, and three young females. One cautious female also comes by herself. A hairy woodpecker has been coming to the feeder along with the more usual visitors.

Eleanor Kimberly has seen a hen turkey, chickadees, juncos, nuthatches (both white and red breasted), titmice, evening grosbeaks, bluejays, a cardinal in January, tree sparrows, downy and hairy woodpeckers, red squirrels, but no flying squirrels. Other winters she has seen the latter coming to the feeder after dark.

The McAllester feeder, and the McAllester/Baker feeder on Hupi Road have had the usual winter birds and an unusual number of red polls—up to twenty or thirty. They report a smaller than usual number of gray squirrels, no red squirrels, and no flying squirrels and deer mice visiting at night. At Dowd corner a dove has repeatedly taken up a stance in the feeder for an hour at a time, keeping away all other doves and intimidating the other regulars, even squirrels and bluejays.

### Plants

Is it our imagination, or are red maple buds and the long copper beech buds noticeably bigger? And aren't those tiny catkins, way up there on the tips of the white birch twigs?

— David P. McAllester

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Gene Peters



## THE OBSERVER - JANUARY

Recording Monterey's weather for this column is a bit like trying to remember your dream in the afternoon of the following day. As we write near the end of February, after a thaw that brought record warmth and sun, it takes an effort to recall January's bitter cold, heavy snow, and one-day, all-day flooding rain-storm—and who would want to? The weather made headlines and broke records all across the country. Pittsfield recorded its coldest temperature in fifty-four years of record-keeping, -27° on January 27, when the Monterey low was -20°. At 19°, our average temperature for the month was 1.4° colder than the Pittsfield norm, but 7° warmer than Pittsfield's average this January. We measured more snow—42" here as against 39.4" to the north.

Last winter's meanest weather came in heavy, wind-driven snowstorms that scared people and shut things down. This winter there hasn't been all that much roaring wind, or sideways heavy snow,

just prolonged deep freeze and steadily falling snow.

Usually cold, dry arctic air masses alternate with warmer, wetter air masses from the Gulf of Mexico in dominating our weather. But this year these air masses have converged frequently over the region, bringing cold and snow together. Similar conditions made for memorable winters in 1977-78, 1917-18, and 1903-04. Go figure, eh?

High temp (1/28) .....	45°
Low temp. (1/27) .....	-20°
Avg. high temp. ....	28°
Avg. low temp. ....	9°
Avg. temp. ....	19°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.) .....	20.4°
Precip. occ. ....	15 days
Total precip. ....	42" snow / 2" rain
Monthly norm. (Pitts.) .....	3.08"
High bar. press. (1/27) .....	30.86
Low bar. press. (1/15) .....	29.81
High humidity (1/12) .....	96%
Low humidity (1/3) .....	57%
Avg. wind speed .....	10 mph
High wind gust (1/5) .....	48 mph



ELEANOR KIMBERLY

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## INDIAN NOTES

### Stockbridges Against Burgoyne

In 1777, after General Burgoyne recaptured Fort Ticonderoga with a large army of regulars, Canadians, Hessians, and 400 Indians, he proceeded south with the goal of capturing Albany. Near what is now Whitehall, New York, about twenty-five miles north of Glens Falls, the Berkshire County militia were camped by Wood Creek under generals John Nixon and John Fellows. Six Stockbridge Indian scouts under Captain Abraham Nimham were sent to reconnoiter the advancing British army, and Nimham's account of one of their sorties

was published in a Boston paper, *The Continental Journal and Weekly Advertiser* of August 21:

We passed the Creek, and went within a mile or two of Skene's house, where we lay down in a thick spot of woods by the side of the road. It was not long before there came along two Regulars driving a number of horses; we jumped up and seized them; the Regulars were so very much frightened that they made no resistance, neither could they speak plain. We found by the noise, there were a number more behind, driving cattle. One of our prisoners called to the Serjeant for help; upon this, we thought it wise to make the best of our way into the woods. Our prisoners attempted to get away from us; we were therefore obliged to make them feel that

our hatchets were heavy. I told them if you will behave like prisoners we will use you well, but if you don't we must kill you; after this they behaved well and did everything we bid them.

On our way to our encampment, we tho't we would take in with us as many Tories as we could find; and in order to find them out we gave our prisoners their guns, taking out the flints. When we came near a house we told our prisoners, you must keep before us and if you see any man you must cock your guns and present them at them and demand who they are for, the King or Country? They did so and the Tories answered they were for the King or they should have moved off long ago. They seemed to be glad to see the Regulars and told them "You are our Brothers."

I knew one of the Tories as soon as I came in sight of him, I therefore put my hat over my face, for fear the fellow should know me, till the Red-Coats had done their duty. After he had in a most striking manner declared he was for the King, I asked him further will you be true to the King and fight for him till you die? "O yes," said the Tory. Upon this he discovered his error, knew me, and immediately said, "What King do you mean? I mean King Hancock."

"Ah," said I, "we have found you out, we don't know Kings in America yet; you must go along with us."

After the scouts got back with their prisoners and information about British troop movements, a council of officers was held at Fort Edward to discuss whether some of the militia should be allowed to go home and tend their farms. It was decided that half could go, and about half of the Stockbridges returned with them. However, more than a dozen Indians elected to sign up for a year under Colonel Jackson as regular soldiers with the Continental Army. These included David Naunauneequanuk the younger, Daniel Wauwaumpequunaunt, and John Ninham.

— David P. McAllester



## BLUE BIDWELL

This pencil drawing, signed and dated (although the script is not legible in newsprint reproduction) was recently found in the archives of the Berkshire County Historical Society. They are drawings by Marshall Spring Bidwell, Jr. (1835–1877), also known as Blue Bidwell, due to the effect of medication he took for a "nervous disorder" that turned his face blue. Blue was the son of Marshall Spring Bidwell, Sr. (1799–1872), the famed New York lawyer who maintained a summer residence at the corner of Beartown and Fairview, and the great grandson of Reverend Adonijah Bidwell.

Blue attended law school at Colum-

bia University, but dropped out. He returned to the Berkshires and opened a pharmacy in Sheffield around 1871. The following year, after receiving a small inheritance from his father, Blue moved to Elmira, New York, with his wife and first cousin Alice Cecilia. He died there four years later, and Alice returned with their child to live at Lake Farm with her cousin M. S. Bidwell.

It was known that Blue was an artist, but no examples of his work had been identified locally until now. Skinner's auctioned ten signed Bidwell drawings and watercolors in the late 1970s which have the same style and signature as these. This drawing of a Monterey pond dates from 1852.

— Lisa Simpson





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## DEAR AGNES

Dear Agnes,

I have a problem. I know that it's not good to be jealous, but I am. Daisy visits the Farm and gets lots of attention. She seems to want to take over. Daisy gets belly rubs, cookies, bones, and loads of love. She is an honored guest. But I am supposed to be Queen of the Farm. Why can't everyone remember? What is wrong with all the common people?

— Sophie Burkhart



Dear Sophie,

Such is life, dear. The golden-haired beauty who visits is always more alluring in the short run than the true-blue unglamorous, steadfast creature like yourself.

The trouble is, you're so nice people take your wonderful qualities for granted. If I were you, I would nip a few people in the ankle, bark late at night, run away from home for a few days. Then people will say, "What's wrong with Sophie?" When you drop that behavior they'll be so grateful you'll get lots of attention. While you're at it, give that golden-hussy a bite—grr! There are times, dear, when you have to let the dog in you come out if you know what I mean.

— Agnes

"Dear Agnes" is a regular feature in *Farm Yarn*, an in-house publication at Gould Farm. Reprinted here by permission.



SUEAN MCALISTER



## Coffee

There are 779 boxes spread over the two walls of the Monterey Post Office. Leo's mailbox is one away from mine to the right on the same level, low chest height. I am right handed and he's a lefty, so it is possible for us both to retrieve our mail at exactly the same time. But neither of us has regular habits, so it almost never happens.

Stuck in a wintry mood, I have come at some lost hour of the late morning or middle afternoon for my mail, and I am seeing only the star dial in front of my face as I unlock the little metal door. Leo and I are knuckle to knuckle before I realize he's there.

"What the hell, Pete, this might be the day you win ten million dollars."

"Hey Leo. Didn't see you." This raises an eyebrow. "Ten million? Not a chance—I already won last week. Didn't do any good, either."

"So we know it's not money. Want to get a cup next door? Got to honor the occasion."

"Sure, why not? Everything can wait or go by, I don't care. The occasion—you mean meeting at the P.O., or the check in the mail?"

"Come on."

The General Store is empty of customers for the moment, and we set ourselves up in the back with our wads of mail and coffee cups. Clumpy winter boots have wet the floor all day long.

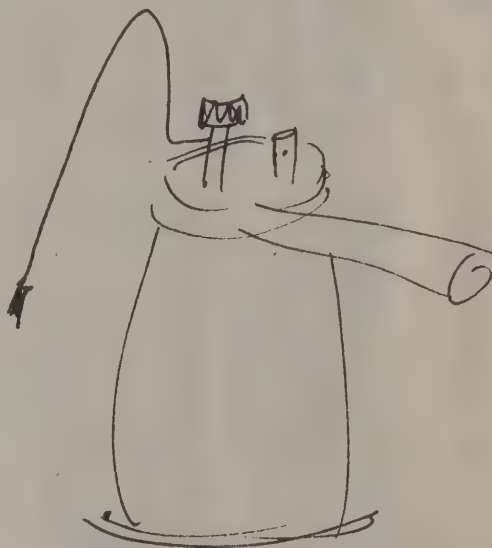
"Anyone would think we have nothing else to do," I say, as if the place were full of judges.

"Will," says Leo. "Will think it, whatever we do. How's work?"

"Good. Been doing major work on a kitchen that's near completion. You know, the stage when the arrow never reaches the target. Many doors, much fitting. Everything takes longer than long, but they still like it. Scheduling problems fade quickly, the work lasts. How about you?" Leo is an instrument maker—harpsichords.

"Good, good. I have a commission now to build an instrument for this guy who has no regard for musical boundaries. Classical, jazz, rock, synthesized,

twelve tone, written, improvised. He hears it all, takes it in and sends it back out again. He's a great guy to work for. He owns dozens of instruments, plays them all. Besides, it's a good winter for skiing out the door. There have been two parallel tracks disappearing across the field from my kitchen door for six weeks now. I bet I've been out thirty times. That's more than in the last five years total. You playing hockey?"



"Oh yeah. How could I pass it up, the chance to sweat like that out in the cold air? I love the sound of it, walking from the truck to the rink in the dark, snow crunching under foot, that slash and echo coming from the big metal building." Just now I'm feeling the clean, rolled lip of an ordinary paper cup, and taking extraordinary pleasure in it. Must be the coffee.

"But Leo, here's the thing. Where's the humor in our work? My doors have to fit their openings, the action in your instruments has to be clean. We can't fool around. I want to start a nighttime makers' guild. Our work will be to go around displacing stuff, undoing things. We can start small, maybe changing the height of some tables and chairs that people use all the time without thinking about it. Just half an inch, maybe only a quarter. We'll have to learn the limits as

we go. Not to hurt anyone, or damage anything. Just to alter what's there for no good reason. To create uncertainty, provoke second thoughts. The made world is taken for granted, Leo."

"I like this. We'll start with the made world, learn some techniques and good proportion working small, but aim high. Maybe in time we'll be able to insert a new house in an old neighborhood—not that it would actually be new, of course—in such a way that no one would notice for a week or a month. The coup de grace would be adding twenty-five years' growth to a tree, and I don't mean off in the woods somewhere."

"Right. The guild will have to be secret, of course. Adding life to a tree could become the ultimate test of mastery, the highest order of accomplishment."

"Point is, there would be no point. Part of our 'work' would always be the undoing of our work, as soon as it had long enough life to create an effect."

"Namely, to shake up a few souls, ever so gently."

"Yes."

"I've always wondered what the Freemasons were all about. The square and compass, the eye, the secrecy.

Maybe this kind of work has already been around for a long time. They were builders, you know."

"Well, maybe, but I don't like that line of thinking. Makes me uneasy. I think we should work on our own, start from scratch. There's a lot of room in the world."

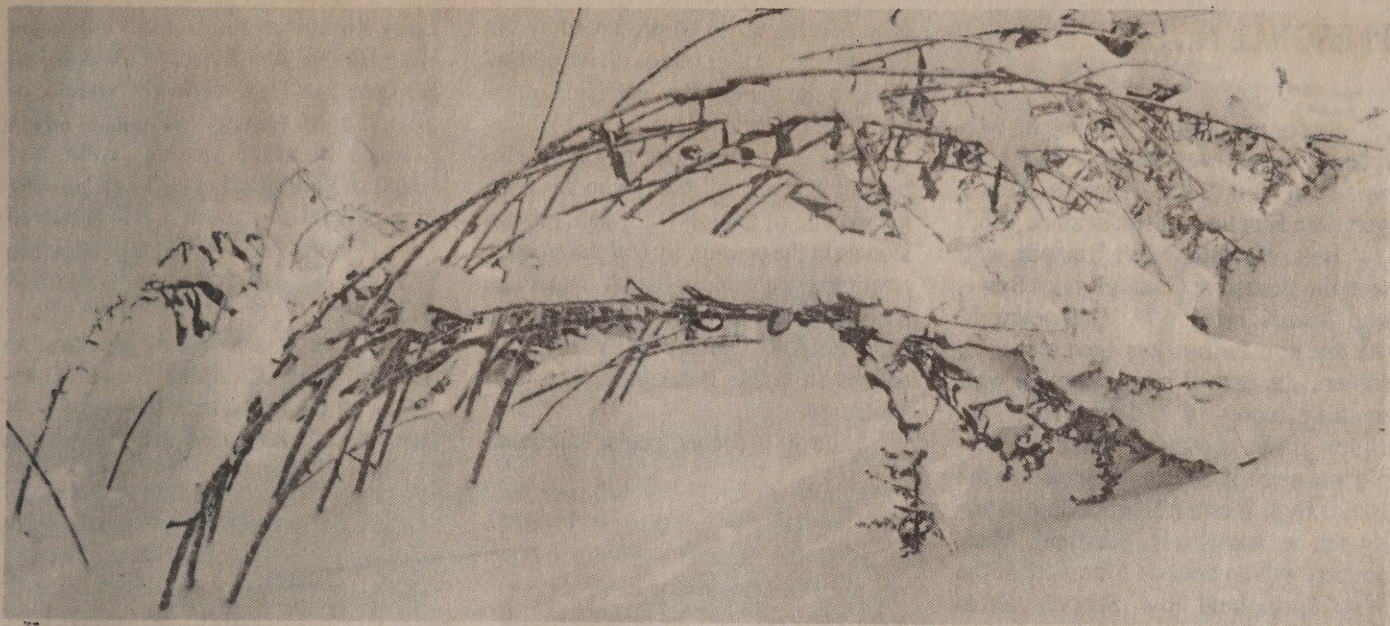
"You're right. If this sort of endeavor has long history, I bet the traditional work is weighted toward straight and square, fit and polish. That was the mystery then. Times have changed."

Lance comes in for a cup of coffee to take with him plowing snow, and we all say hi, trade comments about the weather. It has been a remarkable winter.

— Peter Murkett

\* voxed (våkst) past of VOX, to give voice to, in writing, regardless.





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## PERSONAL NOTES

Kudos to **Alisa DeMartino**, who recently earned her MBA from Pace University in New York. Alisa has been a part time Monterey resident since 1965,

Hats off to **Stephanie Hastedt**, who won the Berkshire County Junior Bowling Championship title. Competing in the division for bowlers aged eleven to fifteen, she earned her distinction with winning scores of 166 and 194. An eighth grader at Mount Everett, Stephanie was also selected to participate in the Junior High Western District Chorus following her audition in Westfield. Their concert will be held on March 22 at the West Springfield High School. Great work, Steph!

Hats off also to **Josh Aerie**, who has been selected to perform as cellist with the Massachusetts All-State Orchestra. Their performance is scheduled for March 9 at Gordon College in Wenham, Massachusetts. Josh is a junior at Monument Mountain High School.

Hearty congratulations to sophomore **Jason Tanner**, who won the western Massachusetts wrestling crown in the 171 lb. weight class, and thus qualified to compete in the state Division III tournament. A very strong force on Mount Everett's wrestling team, Jason helped spark the school's first-ever win of a tournament championship, and took the tournament's Most Outstanding Wrestler award.

Monterey wrestler **Joe Kopetchny** was also strong for the team, and ended with a third place finish at 130 lbs. Great job, both of you!

Congratulations to **Jen Brown**, who achieved Honors at Berkshire Community College for the fall semester. Jen also earned the part of Olive Harriet Smythe in the English farce *Move Over*

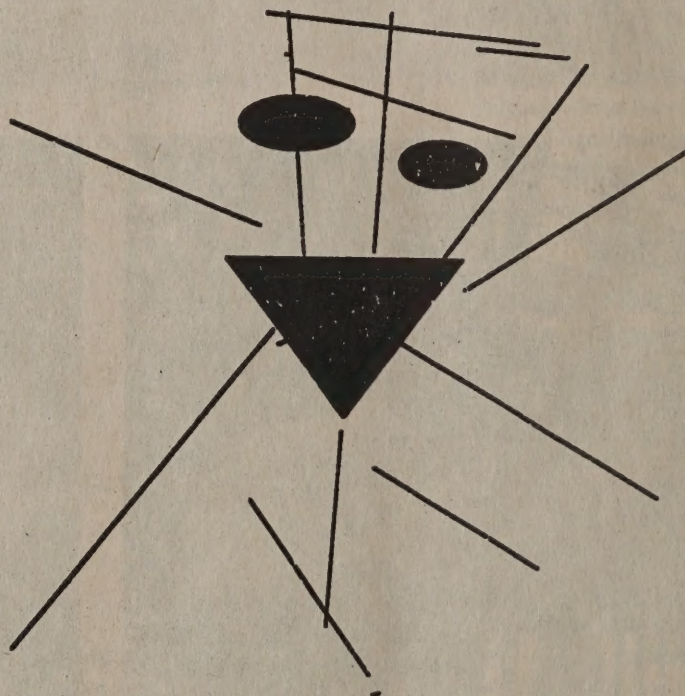
*Mrs. Markham*, to be presented by the BCC players at the college in five performances late in February, and on March 4 and 5. Break a leg, Jen!

And congratulations to **Linda Hebert** of Tyringham Road, who has been named one of the top real estate professionals in the country by *Unique Homes*, a national magazine of luxury real estate, and was featured in their fourth annual Elite Edition. Hebert realty, Inc., has offices in Great Barrington, Lee, and Monterey.

Hats off to second grader **Christina**

**Lucy Rosenthal** and **David Shea** made High Honors, and **Brittany Piretti**, **Ian Rodgers**, and **Cedric Mason** made Honors. At Monument Mountain High School, in grade twelve, **Erin** and **Meghan Sadlowski** made High Honors, in grade eleven **Joshua Aerie** achieved High Honors, and in grade nine **Morgan Clawson** made High Honors. Hats off to all of you!

A special anniversary greeting to **Jim** and **Betty Connery** of Lake Garfield, who celebrated their fiftieth on February 5. In honor of the occasion, a




**Vallianos**, winner in her grade for her bookmark design reflecting the fun of reading. The contest was part of the second Reading Is Fundamental program's distribution of books in February.

Congratulations to all Monterey students named to the Honor Roll for the second quarter. At Mount Everett Regional, in grade twelve, **Leah Bohn** made High Honors, and **Bruce Snow** made Honors; in grade ten, **Jason Tanner** made Honors; in grade nine, **Shaylan Burkhart** and **William Conklin** made High Honors, and **Joseph** and **Kathryn Kopetchny**, **Jeffrey Pilot**, **Jared Thomson**, and **Noah Wright** made honors. Also, in grade eight, **Stephanie Hastedt** made Honors, and in grade seven

luncheon was held at the Atlantis Country Club in Lake Worth, Florida, with an open house following in West Palm Beach, where they are spending the winter. Among the guests from Monterey were Mrs. John Camp and George McVey, and former residents Mrs. Richard Lankenau and Burton Paustian, now

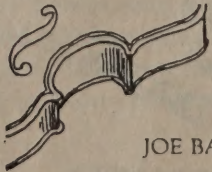
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of Florida. Guests from Connecticut were all political colleagues of Jim Connery's when he served three terms in the House of Representatives in Hartford before retiring to Monterey. Many other family members, friends, and neighbors were in attendance for a wonderful celebration of this special occasion.

Our best wishes to **Kitty Wing** and **Ray Mathias**, who were married recently in the college chapel at Bucknell University. Kitty, the widow of Martin Wing, is a former Monterey resident.

Very happy birthday wishes to **Marta Meluleni** on February 19, to **Ed Dunlop** on February 25, to **Jeremy Valianos** and **Arnold Garber** on March 1, to **Janet Garber** on March 7, to **Anne Marie O'Connor** on March 8, to **Bob Gauthier** on March 10, to **Bonner McAllester** on March 13, to **Barbara Shea** on March 14, to **Annabel Edelman** on March 17, to **Bill Thieriot** on March 19, to **Carol Lewis Edelman** on March 23, to **Alf Pedersen** and **Ellen Pedersen** on March 27, to **Roma Foreman** on March 29, and to **Barbara Gauthier** and **Rose Salsitz** on March 31. And very happy anniversary to **Randy** and **Adrienne Gelbard** on March 13.

Thanks for your contributions! News, birthdays, etc. can be shared by giving me a call at 528-4519, or by jotting down your items and dropping them in the mail to me, just Route 23.

— Stephanie Grotz

## CELIA GOTTLIEB

Mrs. Celia Gottlieb, 84, of Tyingham Road, died on Sunday morning, February 13, 1994 at Fairview manor Extended Care Facility in Great Barrington.

She was born in Kiev, Russia March 24, 1909, and was the last surviving child of Charles and Jennie Woskovony Belove. The family came to this country in 1917, settling in New York City where she attended school.

She was a vacation resident of South Berkshire since 1940, and made Monterey her permanent home in 1982. Mrs. Gottlieb was a homemaker, devoted wife,

loving mother, grandmother, and great grandmother. She enjoyed working in her flower gardens, and was a member of Hadassah and a volunteer for the American Red Cross for many years.

She was a member of Ahavath Sholom Synagogue in Great Barrington, and while in Brooklyn was a member of Temple Ahavath Sholom there.


Her husband, Harry Gottlieb, whom she married June 15, 1931, died in 1979, and a daughter, Carole Lang predeceased her in 1974.

She leaves her daughter, Janet Garber and her husband Arnold of Monterey; her son, Sanford Gottlieb, and his wife Rita of Metuchen, New Jersey; three grandchildren—Randal, Mitchell, and Sheryl; three great grandchildren—Justin, Brett, and Rachel; two step granddaughters—Holly and Jill; six step great grandchildren—Jamie, Stefanie, Michael, Evan, Danielle, and Allison, and several nieces and nephews.

A funeral was held in Great Barrington on February 14, with Rabbi Bob Gluck of Ahavath Sholom Synagogue conducting the services, and the Reverend James S. Chase, a family friend, offering remembrances and giving the eulogy.

A graveside service was conducted at Beth David Cemetary, Elmont, New York, February 15 by Rabbi Norman Strickland, a family friend.

Contributions in memory of Celia Gottlieb may be made to Fairview Manor Patient Activity Fund, care of Finnerty & Stevens Funeral Home, Gt. Barrington.



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## CALENDAR

**Saturday, March 5** Cabin Fever Party at the Sandisfield Firehouse on Route 57, 4-9 p.m. For information, call 258-4037.

**Friday, March 11** Meeting of the Monterey Democratic Town Committee, 7 p.m. at the firehouse, followed at 8 p.m. by the Democratic caucus. (See p. 3.)

**Saturday, March 12** Meeting of the Republican Town Committee, 1 p.m. at the firehouse, followed at 1:30 by the Republican caucus. (See p. 2.)

Square and Contra Dance, New England style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass., 8:30-11:30 p.m. Beginners and children welcome. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Adults \$5, children \$2 to dance until intermission. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

**Tuesday, March 15** Free blood pressure clinic, downstairs at Town Hall, 9-10:30 a.m.

**Saturday, March 26** Tenth annual Maple Sugar Moon square and contradance party at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass., 8-12 p.m. Joe Baker and Mountain Laurel with guest caller Sarah Gregory Smith of Salem, Mass. Everyone is welcome. Special halftime entertainment for the whole family includes singing with Bill and Sarah Smith, and a performance by Mable and Moon, Belles of the Berkshires. Home-made refreshments included in the price of admission (baked goods, coffee, tea, cider). Adults \$8, children \$3. Information, 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

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For changes of address, or information regarding subscription to the *Monterey News*, call Susan LePrevost, Circulation Manager, at 528-4595.

To receive complete information regarding advertising in the *News*, contact the Editor at 528-3454.

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*Contributions from local artists this month: Joe Baker, p. 15; Sudi Baker, pp. 12, 13, 16; Jason Brown, p. 1; Bonner McAllester, p. 14; Michèle Miller, p. 19; Pete Murkett, p. 20; Riley Murkett, p. 22.*

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